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Estella was home, all alone with nothing to do. She sat down to read but couldn't pay attention to the book. She paced around the house for a bit thinking. She didn't feel "bored," or "hungry," just sort of anxious. As she was about to call Lilo for advice, an idea came to her.

tella, Lilo ing jitters.

An emergency
"Book Club" meeting was mustered.
Once her girlfriends
arrived the dildos,
were brought out,
and panties were
off, and our ladies
started getting it
on. Eventually with
all that cumming
at the Club, Estella
got over her morn-























































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REG. PRICE



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SEX FUN 21 CARD GAME The game play is similar to blackjack with an additional 4 ace's so chances of getting

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SIR RICHARD'S CONTROL SUPER NUT

SKU: SR1050

PRICE S

bathmate ANAL TOY CLEANER

The Bathmate Anal Toy Cleaner keeps your toys completely clean, getting rid of any trace fecal matter, contamination of bacteria. The cleaner contains <5% non-ionic surfac anionic surfactants: Methylchloroisothiazolinone and athrong Methylisothiazolinone Once you're done with your toys, just give them a wash, then spray and rub in the Bathmate Anal Toy Cleaner, finishing off with a quick wipe with a damp cloth.

SKU: BOBM-AC-100

LINX POP STROKER BALL MASTURBATOR - YELLOW Our Pop stroker is made from stre and is designed to fit most sizes. It's simply pulled over his penis for an instant layer of pleasure. This toy is free from prithalates and latex and is waterproof

for bath and shower play



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Grab, smack and squeeze this julcy ass that's begging for your cook Featuring 24 younds of future Real-Feet infelie chin, this best over horny shall features been faithed inner treduces that swellow you entirely with every thoust, Fuck her doops. und sweatury pour enterely with every thinset. Flock hed doggy style while you spread her mand as a checks or flighter over to sisk made of her pussy in missionery position. Fee her hales throthing with plast use from two powerful with raining bullets that can be controlled remotive.

566899 FRICS
F

SKU: ELDZ-003MOC











I have to say that my favorite part of a man's cock is the taste. Sucking dick is probably my favorite part of having sex. There's something about feeling the tip tickle the back of my mouth that makes my toes curl. Not to mention the moans I

can create when my tongue starts to embrace the shaft. Only once the cock is nice and wet do I let it slip ever so effortlessly into my pussy. Oh what a difference a big, wet dick makes when pressed deep compared to my pussy. I could fuck one for hours and not lose a moment of pleasure.























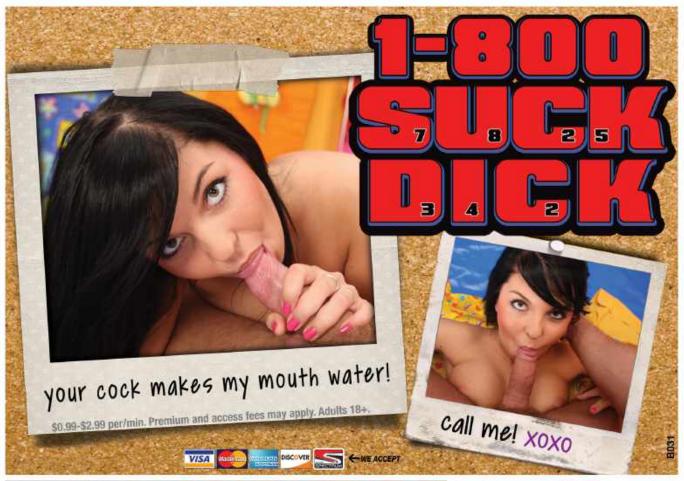
























REPAIR WORK

Calling for repairs is something I've always been embarrassed about. It means I couldn't figure out how to handle something, and I don't like admitting that. But the time that they sent the repair girl... let me tell you, she fixed me up good!

When I answered the door, the first thing I noticed was how well her uniform clung to her curvy figure. Her breasts perked up and out, her hips widened into a gorgeous hourglass shape. Her brown hair was tied up, but it wasn't hard to imagine it falling halfway down her back. Bright green eyes stared back at me, drawing me in, seducing me from the moment she arrived. Yet, even as she taunted me, she remained professional, asking about the problem. I led her up to the leaky master bathroom and she got right to work.

I tried to stay out of her way but found that I couldn't drift very far. I kept finding reasons to be in the hallway or bedroom just outside from where she was working, letting my eyes watch as she worked. I'm sure she noticed. Because every time I turned to sneak a peek, she seemed like she



Erica's time has cum...

I can never get enough of Ms Lauren. She is the perfect lady-type for me. I'm a straight female and I still love looking at her. I first saw her years ago, because my boyfriend (at the time) and I liked watching porn. For some reason, I was drawn to her and told him so. Yeah, there are others that might be considered prettier or have bigger boobs or take it in the ass, too, but even without that she is very stimulating. I want you to look carefully at her pussy lips while she's playing with herself. See the way her pussy lips are all puffed up nice and big. Her swollen pussy is gleaming in the light and her expressions show how much she must like finger-fucking herself. And don't forget her perfect breasts. They are the perfect handful with perfect nipples that I would love to suck on. Let's hear it for a real woman who is not afraid of her sexuality.

Jessica, Long Beach, CA

turned to show me something new. Her ass, large and needy, seemed to shake in my face. As she was laying on her back, she spread her legs, almost inviting me in. Each time, I forced myself to sneak away.

She finished in about half an hour and brought me the invoice to look over before turning back to clean up. As she stepped away, I noticed the wet clinging to her shirt, which only outlined her flat chest and the curve of her boobs even more. I signed the invoice without really thinking about it. I stepped into the bathroom to return the paperwork when I stopped dead. She stood there, now in a firm, but not tight, black sports bra that only accentuated how much they were holding back. She had apparently noticed the water too and was in the process of changing shirts.

Suddenly, it was back. Those bright eyes, that alluring gaze drawing me in. Instead of yelling at me, or rushing to clothe herself, she smiled at me. A few steps, and she was forcing me back into the bedroom, and onto the bed. A second later, she was on top of me, her hands pressing mine into the bed as her lips grazed mine, making out

fiercely.

She ripped my shirt up and over my head, somehow without interrupting our kisses that only grew deeper and more passionate. She had a fire inside her and I was at her mercy before I fully knew what was going on. Not that I minded.

We pulled off her sports bra, releasing her enormous chest and she almost let out a breath of relief, which was nothing to what I felt finally having our flesh touch. I could feel her mounds, and the peaks of her hardened nipples that were begging to be played with.

She sat up and started to grind against my crotch, dancing for a dick that was ready to explode at the slightest touch. She held my hands to her chest, moaning softly as she moved in a rhythm. One hand drew my fingertips up to her mouth, where she let her tongue tantalizingly slip slowly over each finger. The other hand moved down her chest, over her surprising muscles, and toward her waistband. With a smile, she slid my hand down into her groomed bush, and further, down toward her clit, showing me clearly where she wanted to play next.

I smiled up at her and finally took some control, rolling over so that her back was on my bed. We pulled our pants off, and I held onto her legs high in the air. I admired her pussy, letting my fingers play around and tease it. I stroked myself and let the tip of my dick just kiss the entrance,



watching her eyes, savoring in her moans that almost sounded begging. Finally, I let myself slide in, throwing my head back with the rush of pleasure through me. I couldn't believe this was happening, and I wanted to enjoy every moment of it. I took my time, slowly in, all the way out, deeper in. Each thrust, another moan, another scream, another call. She wrapped her legs around my shoulder and grabbed the edge of the bed, pulling me in tighter, faster. She wanted it harder. So, I picked up speed, forcing myself deeper, gritting through the rush, the desire to explore, and the need to erupt. I held on as long as I could, until I pulled out, stroking myself a few times, and letting loose all over her chest, with a couple of drops making it up to her face. I lowered myself on top of her, smearing my

juice between our chests.

She looked astonished at me, wondering why I didn't finish inside her. I raised a brow and told her she just fixed the shower, and that we should go make sure it worked. She ended up calling off the rest of her appointments that afternoon, while we took turns cleaning each other up.

- Dobson K., Louisiana

OUT OF A CLEAR BLUE SKY

Straddling the padded seat, I sat behind Bobby with my arms wrapped around his muscular midsection, holding on for dear life as he gunned the 4-wheeler, moving deeper and deeper into the backwoods. Delicious vibrations coursed between my legs, increasing my excitement as we neared the clearing bor-

dering the creek.

We tried to come out here at least once a month. Sometimes we made it, sometimes not. What with both Bobby and I working like dogs just to make ends meet we rarely had the time – or energy – for such leisurely pursuits.

Some eight miles separated the clearing from the trailer park we called home, hardly a major getaway, yet a nice change of pace all the same. And the weather was fine, damned close to being perfect. I couldn't wait to shed my clothes and take an invigorating dip in the creek.

We reached the spot in record time.

Bobby brought the 4-wheeler to a halt and killed the engine. The chirping of birds melded with the gentle flowing of the creek. Sunshine slanted through the trees, lashing the clearing in golden warmth. I felt better already, the stress of living in poverty temporarily forgotten.

I removed my bikini top and cutoff shorts without delay, then dashed into the creek with a raucous splash. The water was cold at first, but I adapted quickly. Bobby spread a beach towel on the ground and plucked a beer from the small cooler we had brought. He had never learned how to swim. I had tried to teach him countless times, but he never showed much interest.

Not that I was complaining. My boyfriend had another quality which more than compensated for his inability to swim, namely a nine-inch cock which kept me quite satisfied, at least in the sack. Our sex life couldn't have been better. The problem – and I'll admit it was a big one – was money. Bobby and I were both high school dropouts. He worked at a garage in town, fixing flats and changing oil, while I toiled away at the supermarket.

Ours wasn't much of a life, but at least we had each other. And who knew? Maybe our luck would change. Having assumed the doggy position, I grunted and groaned as Bobby did me from behind, fucking me good and proper with his big dick. His balls slapped my skinny ass with each deep poke. I loved the feel of his rough hands - coarse from working on cars all day - clutching my bony hips as he pounded my pussy.

I forgot all about our financial problems – unpaid bills, back rent, debt. Life was downright peachy for the time being. And it got even better when Bobby flipped me over onto my back.

Supine and gazing at the treetops, I spread my legs and rubbed my cunt, eager to receive every inch of his rod. Bobby tapped his engorged prick cap against my clit, teasing and taunting before finally entering me in earnest.

I wailed delightedly as he thrust, wrapping my legs around his waist before crossing my ankles behind his ass. He employed powerful jabs, displaying



his typical strength and stamina. Unlike other guys I had been with, Bobby didn't have to slow his pace in order to go the distance. He could fuck fast and hard and still endure. And he was a most considerate lover, always making me come before shooting his load.

Now, orgasmic contractions spreading outward from my hot core, I lay there in utter bliss as Bobby kept right on fucking me. It was one of the strongest climaxes of my life, setting the bar awfully high for forthcoming encounters. Still, I knew that Bobby was up to the task. He hadn't disappointed me yet.

I finished him with slutty gratitude, licking his balls and sucking his cuntslickened cock until he discharged a geyser of spunk all over my perky B-cup titties. I almost hated to wash it all away, but I had worked up quite a sweat, so another swim was definitely in order.

I was doing a lazy backstroke when I heard the plane. The small craft was flying extremely low. I wondered if it was having engine trouble. Suddenly Bobby pointed and yelled from the creek bank; an object plummeted from the sky, landing a short distance from our beach blanket

Intensely curious, I was out of the water in no time, running naked to the clearing where Bobby, wearing only his cargo shorts, examined the bundle.

"It dropped from the plane," he said.

I wiped strands of wet hair from my face. "What in the hell is it?" "There's only one way to find out."

Bobby whipped out his trusty knife, knelt beside the mystery package, and proceeded to cut it open. White powder spilled forth. I stared in disbelief. Bobby dipped a fingertip into the powder and sampled it with the tip of his tongue. Then he smiled.

"Cocaine," he said.

"Are you sure?"

"Of course I'm sure." He riffled through the bundle, producing brick after brick, each one tightly sealed with packing tape. "Do you know what this means, baby?"

"What?" I replied.
"We're rich!"

Of course the drug dealers showed up looking for their product. Luckily Bobby never ventured into the backwoods without his pistol. He shot both of them at point blank range. Drugs in tow, we hopped on the 4-wheeler and got the hell out of there. It took several months but we finally linked up with a buyer.

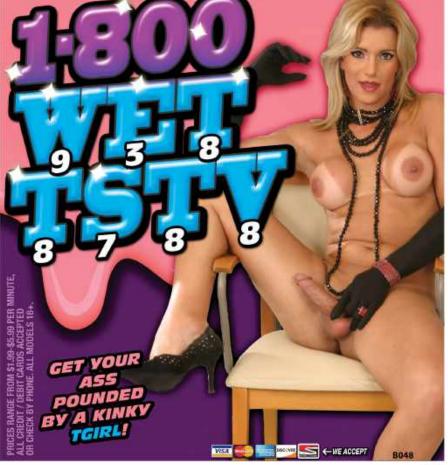
The trailer park is history. Our new home is a deluxe beach house. Not too shabby for a couple of high school dropouts . . .

- Dobson K., Louisiana

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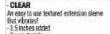
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PROWLER RED FOOTBALL

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have been cesigned to look both authentic and fetish inspired.

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It's not uncommon to find Ryan lounging by the pool on a nice weekend afternoon. So uncommon in fact that one particular pool boy has learned that when she isn't answering her door he can sneak around and get a peek of her lovely, large pair. Sometimes he forgets he's there to do a job.

He imagines her fully naked, posing just for him. She would lead him inside using his belt as a leash. She'd strip him down and suck him off, right before throwing him onto the couch and fucking his brains out.





































































There are so many metaphors for our bodies. They're temples, works of art, etc. I think my favorite is the machine one. I like to think I treat my body to only the best poundings. Morning, noon, or night, if I can find a willing cock, you can rest assured that thing is going inside me.

Now I don't want
you thinking that I'm
a slut. You'd be right
in that assumption,
but I guarantee
that if you give me
a chance, I'll leave
you just as breathless as I leave every
one else. Promise.















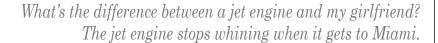














Green-Eyed Goddess

IN EVERYDAY LIFE SHE'S PRIM, PLAIN AND PROPER. BUT ON VACATION SHE TURNS INTO A BITCH IN HEAT!

Ellie and I worked for the same auditing firm for over a year before I asked her out. What attracted to me to her were her eyes — a rich aqua green, like the shallows of Caribbean waters. There seemed to be more to her than our dull jobs let her show—and I knew there was more to me than ledgers of numbers.

Our date however was disappointing. Ellie seemed even tamer than at work, leaving me to think what a waste it was that her beauty and brains were repressed into such a dull shell.

Ellie sensed my feel-

ings and was blunt enough to say so. I'd walked her to the front door to her apartment building, hoping for an invitation inside when Ellie said, "I'd have you up, but you'd only be more disappointed."

When I started to say something, she pressed her warm fingertips to my lips. "It's difficult for me to let go here. I have to go away."

She paused, letting that sink in. Her sparkling green eyes seeming so wild, reflecting the wild woman who I suspected lurked beneath her placid exterior. "Someplace like Florida..."

"Miami, I suggested.

She pressed against me, her hot lips kissing me, the hint of her tongue in my mouth. "Yes, Miami," she whispered. Then she pulled away, her fire quickly cooled, leaving me standing there in the cold January night

We left two weeks later. And on the flight down, when the pilot announced we were over the Caroli-



nas, Ellie went into the lavatory. Coming back down the aisle toward me, I noticed she'd taken off her sweater and was instead wearing a redand-white striped blouse, healthily unbuttoned. And braless.

"See?" she whispered to me, climbing over my knees to her seat, "I just need to get away from home." By the time we drove the rental car to the hotel, I was incredibly horny. We arrived with a cold spell. It was only 45 degrees. Winter hits paradise, but it didn't cool me down.

Ellie and I got an

oceanfront room on the top floor. While I unpacked, Ellie looked at the ocean: blue water turned golden by the setting sun. She opened the balcony door and stepped outside. At the railing, she turned back to face me, turquoise eyes glowing.

I watched in horny disbelief as Ellie unbuttoned her blouse, slid it off her arms and let it fall by her feet. Topless now, nipples pinched by the cool air, her breasts were as beautiful as I had often fantasized them to be. Ellie caressed her tits with both hands, watching her fingers play with her nipples.

Then she was unbuttoning her pants, pushing them down over her nicely curved hips, baring her pussy and the soft pussy lips. She slipped one hand between her thighs, working her fingers, then angled her hand in a way I knew meant she was pushing a finger into herself. Picture her: shoulders forward, breasts hanging, ass sticking back into the railing as her hand moved up and down into her vagina.















The pressure inside my cock was almost unbearable from wanting her. I rubbed up and down between her buttocks, lowering my hips to come in line with her entrance.

She wriggled her hips, an invitation emphasized by her bewitching eyes. Then turned her back to me. Bending over so that her upper body stuck out from the balcony's edge, she was in plain view now of any one who happened to look sideways from their room.

Ellie was spreading her legs, showing me pink wetness through her bush. Two fingers on her vulva opened her up.

My hard-on became my strongest sense. Any part of my brain that would have had me hold back was overruled. I joined Ellie on the balcony, my hands on the cool flesh of her hips, massaging her skin, hungering for her. Then I moved onto her breasts, feeling their weight in my hands as Ellie hung over the railing. So damned daring.

She sighed as I fondled her nipples, liking it when I pressed them between my fingers. Or pulled on them. She urged me to pull them harder and harder.

Shaking her head from side to side, she stretched her arms out, gripped the railing as though her wrists were tied there and surrendered her body to my lust. I looked to the balconies on either side of us. No one was there. But they could have been. Or could be at any moment I took down my pants, the excitement and arousal of Ellie overcoming the cool air, the fact that we could be seen.

The pressure inside my cock was almost unbearable from wanting her. I rubbed up and down between her buttocks, lowering my hips to come in line with her entrance. Her fingers coming back between her legs, guided my cock into her moist entrance: Urging me into her slippery depths, her pussy was a taut heat around my cock as I stroked in and out.

"Just do it!" Ellie cried urgently. "Just pump. I'm ready. I'll come with you. Don't hold back."

My cock plunged in and out, loins slapping her ass, the tension of her pussy taking me toward a climax very fast. Fast. Hot. Hard. Pumping. Moaning with Ellie now. Loving the way she rotated her ass.

"God, yes!" Her hands banged the railing, vibrating it. Her head thrashed from side to side, straining to keep herself from shouting as her orgasm exploded.

I came right behind her, my cum firing strongly into her channel and then coming out to watch the successive wads of my semen squirt over her rump as I rubbed against her ass. I felt weak, head spinning from excitement when Ellie turned to me, hugging me tight, her cool bare flesh so intoxicating against me.

She panted audibly, but caught her breath enough to say how great it was to be away from home.

The next morning I came awake to find Ellie sitting in a chair facing the bed, watching me. She'd pulled off the covers so that I was laying there naked. Her yellow nightgown was pulled up to her waist. Her legs were open and she was masturbating. The finger of her left hand opened her slit while the fingers of her right rubbed against her seam, concentrating on her upper folds.

She asked that I not move. All of me froze--except my cock. An eager erection hardened between my legs. Ellie worked her fingers until she was moaning and seemed ready to come. Then she stopped and jerked her hand away, holding the chair arms to keep her hands from finishing what they'd begun.



She came to me, laid on top of my body, the soft curl of her pussy against my erection. She whispered in my ear that she wanted to do something daring again. She wanted to do something where people who knew us could discover us "playing" outside. But it was gray. Raining. Looking as cold as yesterday. Worse, maybe. Ellie said the weather didn't matter for what she had in mind.

She dressed in a pair of yellow sweatpants and a pullover top. Nothing else. She had me put on shorts and a t-shirt and follow her into the hallway. The hotel hallway was about 60 yards long and carpeted with a short sandy-toned pile. Ours was one of 16 rooms on either side of the hall. An elevator was in









I thought she was going to put her top back on. Instead, she untied her bottoms and pulled them down to her knees. She turned around and stuck her ass out toward me.

the foyer at the far end of the floor. Our end of the building had an enclosed stairwell.

Ellie told me to stand in front of our room while she walked down the hall to the elevator and got in, the door closing behind her. Now what, I wondered.

The elevator door reopened seconds later. And there stood Ellie, her top off, hands boldly on her hips. My mind spun. Anyone could have been standing there and seen her. My mouth felt dry and my pulse was pounding with excitement as she came strutting down the hall, still topless, almost daring someone to come out of one of the other rooms and see her.

Halfway she stopped. I thought she was going to put her top back on. Instead, she untied her bottoms and pulled them down to her knees. She turned around and stuck her ass out toward me. Then jumped up, beaming with delight. Tugging her pants up while running down the hall to me, her top in her fist, breasts bouncing, she took me by the hand and headed for the stairwell.



"Isn't this awesome?" she gasped. "I'm so hot!"

She was, too. Literally. Her skin felt like she'd been sunbathing in sweltering heat. She took me into the stairwell, the door closing heavily behind us, echoing. We were alone now in the concrete enclosure: cement-block walls andiron railing lit by dim yellow bulbs in overhead safety fixtures.

Ellie threw her shirt down to the next floor, full, moist lips then firmly pressed onto mine, hot tongue pushing into my mouth. Our kiss was very wet, noisy with arousal. Her hands opened my shorts, took out my cock and stroked me. "You want a blowjob?" she

asked hotly. "Want me to suck you off?" She yanked on my prick, being a little rough.

I grabbed her tits, saying, "Yeah, yeah!" Then I pressed on her shoulders, to make her get down on her knees. Then wrapping my hands with her hair, I pulled her mouth over my cock.

Her tongue was thickly wet with hot saliva. Her fingertips were on my balls, pressing erotically, just hard enough. She moaned as she sucked me. Taking one hand from my testicles, she fingered herself much as she had been when I'd awakened less than half an hour ago.

Now my cock was rigid in her mouth. I watched as Ellle's mouth worked back and forth on my shaft, leaving saliva to drip off my length, falling down onto her breasts, making them shine with streaks of her own oral liquids.

Ellie's green eyes were closed now. She breathed heavily through her nose, mouth kept firm around my cock. Her hand began pumping more violently between her legs and more excited gasps were coming from her throat now.

Ellie was beginning to come before me. She took her mouth from my cock, gripping me with a saliva slickened hand instead as she cried out in ecstasy. She aimed my cock for her tits, continuing to stroke it. She shook her breasts slightly, making them move, showing me their weight and her nipples taut from arousal. And with her head tilted back, throat extended, looking so vulnerable, the sight of my cum shooting all over her made it all even better.

Wads of thick semen landed on her tits, running slickly over her soft flesh, leaving an oiled-like gloss on her body as the semen ran down to her belly. She kept her eyes closed until she felt my spent dick beginning to slacken. Then she looked at me and her eyes seemed a richer hue of green then I'd ever seen.

Over that long weekend, the sun never came out. The rain only stopped long enough to call in more clouds. But it didn't matter to Ellie and me, for away from the habit and routine of home, we found a new daring, a great way to release some harmless, repressed desires.

Of course, once we returned home, untanned, no one at the office could understand how we'd had such a fantastic time. And now sometimes, behind the closed curtains of our respective apartments, Ellie and I continue to find some of the escape we both yearn to enjoy together.































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Winter blues are a real thing. Miss Trixie has found herself a victim of them from time to time. Her go to for such occasions is a feel good naked modeling session followed by some passionate necking. Heaven forbid it stops there though. Sometimes if it's early enough in the day she can convince her man

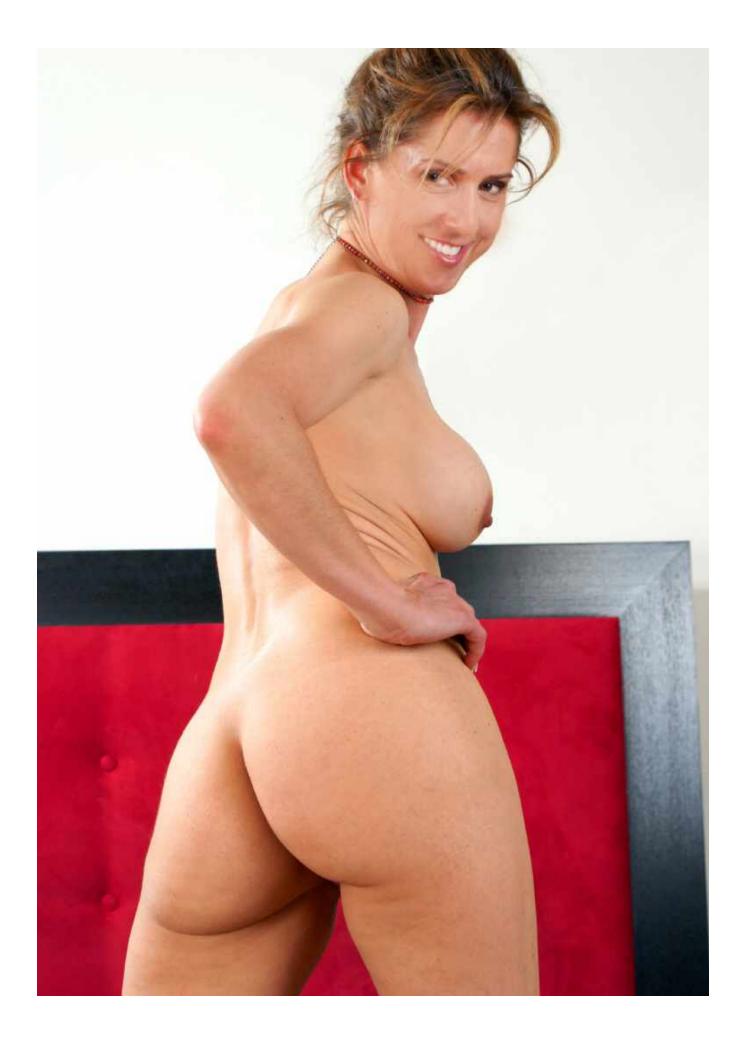
Miss

to climb on top and give her just the pill she needs. He'll never admit it but there really isn't much convincing that needs to be done. His mind is made up the moment her top comes off.























































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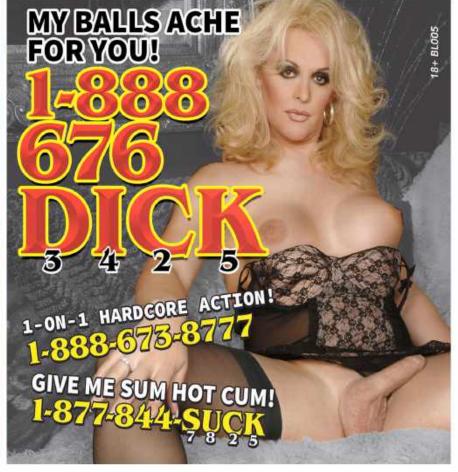


























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